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I didn't tell him that last part.

I wasn't here to save my pack from the witch who wiped them out, but I can stop the same thing from happening to Paul.

With her gaze fixed out of the front window, it's hard to know what's wrong with her. But something is.

"Low blood sugar?" I ask as I drive the long way around town to reach the Madden Grove Wood. "Or is it the nightdress?"

It's strange but I think I'm getting used to it. Don't get me wrong, it's still ridiculous, but seeing her in it doesn't hurt my eyes as much as it did before.

That, or I'm thinking less about it, and more about how little time it's going to take Diana Calla to track us in a town comprised of one main road and a handful of residential side streets. And if she doesn't get to us today, then Liam Wolfe will send his pack after us tomorrow.

"Huh?" I feel her gaze probe the side of my face.

"You're quiet." I glance at her. "The only quiet witch is a dead witch."

I wait for the inevitable explosion, but she sighs. "Oh, maybe."

Maybe?

I drive for the next mile in silence. "What did your friend Sera say about the souls?"

Silence.

"I asked you a question."

A soft sigh. "I don't know why I thought you wouldn't hear. What with the big ears and all."

My big what?

I glance over at her. "What did you say?"

Her cheeks flush and she turns away, her attention on the tall trees that line both sides of the road. "I didn't want to involve her in something that's going to get her killed."

"So you'd rather put up with the growling souls?" I ask.

"I won't have to for long. Once Diana gets hold of me, growling wolves will be the least of my concerns."

I don't recall meeting Diana Calla, but I have vague memories of Dad telling me to keep my distance from a tall blonde woman in town. Since my mission in life back then was on hooking up with as many hot tourists as I could, I didn't need his warning. Witches never interested me, so it was easy enough to pretend they didn't exist.

Now I wish I'd spent more time with Dad learning more about the witches in Madden Grove because I have a feeling that my ignorance is going to cost me. Big time.

"Has she always been the coven leader?" I ask.

"Pretty much. Aunt Mel said that she took over when she was twenty-one because she was so much more powerful than the last leader. No one has ever threatened her position in the thirty years she's led the elementals."

I dart another glance at her, finding her gaze back on me. "No one?"

"Her older sister was the only one close to her in power, but Georgia didn't have any interest in being the leader here. She moved to New York to join a bigger coven with more connections."

"Not even the witch in the Madden Grove Wood?" Because I have half my attention on her face as I ask my question, I catch the exact moment her face freezes.

A second later, she blinks and turns away. "I don't know what you mean."

"I thought you didn't lie."

“I don’t,” she admits, “but there are some things a witch will never share with a wolf.”

“The same can’t be said for one who was only too happy to tell me all about the witch who uses magic to hide in the southern part of the woods.”